

A Fawcett Publication

Six-Gun Heroes

35

JULY

10¢

NO. 3



IN THIS ISSUE:
**HAVEN
OF
HORROR**



HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



Second class
Fawcett Publications, Inc.
Posters and letters concerning
the \$1.00 in U.S. possession

A Fawcett Publication

Six-Gun Heroes

JULY
10¢
NO. 3



IN THIS ISSUE:
**HAVEN
OF
HORROR**



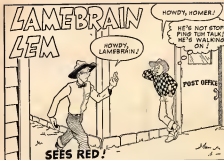
HOPALONG CASSIDY



SMILEY BURNETTE



ROCKY LANE



SIX-GUN HEROES • Executive Editor WILL LIFERSON • Editor C. V. WOODS • Art Editor AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily classified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SHIRLEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



HOPALONG CASSIDY

and THE HAVEN OF HORROR!

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

Hopalong Cassidy, Twin River's famed fighting Sheriff, finds it's anything but peaceful when he visits some friends who have settled in PEACEFUL HAVEN.

TAKE ALL THEIR MONEY AND THEN KILL THEM!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

HELP!
HELP!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD.

SIX-GUN HEROES, July, 1950, Vol. 1, No. 3, is published by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Second class entry applied for at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., with additional entry applied for at Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright 1950 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices: 67 West 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send communications and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.25 in U. S., possessions and Canada; Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Printed in U. S. A.

ONE DAY, IN TWIN RIVER...

I'LL BE BACK IN A DAY OR TWO, MESQUITE! I'M RIDING OUT TO PEACEFUL HAVEN TO VISIT MY FRIENDS, THE APPLEBYS!

I RECKON THEY'LL BE MIGHTY HAPPY TO SEE YUH!

SHERIFF
TWIN RIVER
COUNTY
JAIL



SO LONG!

GOODBYE,
HOPPY!



YES, THE APPLEBYS ARE A FINE FAMILY AND SO ARE ALL THE OTHER FOLKS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S OFFER OF FREE LAND AND A CHANCE TO START A NEW LIFE IN PEACEFUL HAVEN!



BRETT APPLEBY HAD MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF BAD LUCK! BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT FOR HIM FROM NOW ON! HE'S GOT HIS OWN LAND AND NOTHING WILL STOP HIM FROM BEING SUCCESSFUL!



C'MON, TOPPER, LET'S MAKE THE CINDERS FLY! WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!



LATER...

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

WE'RE JUST ABOUT THERE, TOPPER! PEACEFUL HAVEN'S IN THE VALLEY BELOW! RATTLING RATTLES! THAT'S GUNFIRE!



I DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR THE SOUND OF BULLETS IN PEACEFUL HAVEN! C'MON, TOPPER, LET'S INVESTIGATE!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!







THAT'S A MIGHTY ODD WAY FOR A GOVERNMENT MAN TO TALK! AND IT'S EVEN MORE ODD THAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD HAVE CHANGED ITS MIND ABOUT GIVING THE LAND FREE TO THE PEOPLE!



I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING PHONY IS GOING ON! WHEN I GET BACK HOME I'M GOING TO WRITE TO WASHINGTON AND CHECK IF THEY REALLY IMPOSED A LAND FEE ON THE SETTLERS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN TWIN RIVER--

I SHOULD GET AN ANSWER FROM WASHINGTON BY THE TIME I GET BACK FROM PEACEFUL HAVEN!



BUT RIGHT NOW, I'D BETTER SPEED OUT THERE WITH THE MONEY, SO BRETT CAN STAY ON THE LAND!



IF I FIND OUT LATER THAT THOSE CRITTERS ARE PULLING A FRAUD, I CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM THEN! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, BRETT WILL BE PROTECTED!



HOPALONG RIDES HARD AND SOON ARRIVES IN THE TOWN OF PEACEFUL HAVEN ---

THERE'S THE LAND OFFICE BUILDING! I'LL PAY THE FEE AND THEN GO OUT AND VISIT BRETT AND HIS FAMILY!

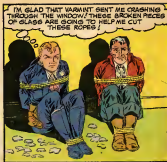
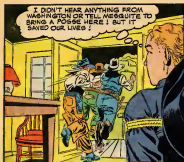


THAT SOUNDS MENT GO







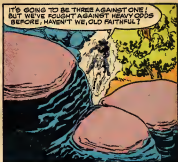


SOON---

GOOD WORK, TOPPER!
THERE'S EAGLE PEAK
AHEAD! IF EVERYTHING WORKS
OUT THE WAY I HOPE, THOSE
THREE YARMINTS ARE IN FOR
A BIG SURPRISE!



IT'S GOING TO BE THREE AGAINST ONE!
BUT WE'VE FOUGHT AGAINST HEAVY ODDS
BEFORE, HAVEN'T WE, OLD FAITHFUL?



HERE THEY COME, TOPPER!



IF I'VE GOT THIS TIMED RIGHT,
I'LL LAND ON THEM JUST AS
THEY'RE PASSING BELOW!



IT'S HOPALONG!



HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE
AGAINST ALL OF US!







GUNMAN'S THUNDER

By Walter Farmer



CURLY GIBSON heard the horses thundering after him. He leaned close to the neck of his black stallion and urged: "Faster, Choctaw! Faster! Run right out of those iron shoes, boy!"

The big horse, already racing, responded with an extra surge of power. Curly felt he was putting distance between himself and the thundering hoof beats back on the trail.

"Only a mile to the Fort, Choctaw, old boy. Then we'll be safe and sound. Too many of them back there for us to stop and put up a fight. Keep moving, Choctaw!"

The black steed obeyed. And then, suddenly, he stumbled, his head went down, and Choctaw turned a somersault. Curly was hurled violently from the saddle, far ahead of the flashing hoofs. The impact of the fall knocked the breath out of Curly and left him momentarily stunned. The first thing he realized was a dull pounding. It seemed to be inside of his head. "I've scrambled my brains!" thought Curly.

The haze began to lift. He realized then that the pounding was not inside his head, at least not all of it. Curly was sprawled out, literally lying on his right ear. And that ear was picking up the *thump-thump-thump* of hoofs. He roused his bruised body to action. Down the slope to the left was a clump of mesquite. If he could reach cover, he might be able to get away. It was worth a try. He scrambled as quickly and quietly as possible.

The cover was even better than he had hoped. Beyond the mesquite was rocky terrain, abounding in man-sized crevices and dark caves. Curly wriggled into a likely opening and lay still. He could hear his pursuers talking now.

"Nothin' like a little ol' hemp across the trail to trip up a hoss!" chuckled one.

"Or kill a rider!" growled somebody else.

"Well this here rider didn't get killed," declared the first voice. "You can see right here's where he fell, and he got up and away under his own power."

"He didn't get far. That's his hoss!"

The voices faded to a mumble. Curly wondered whether they had moved away or were whispering. He strained to hear, but couldn't catch the words, until he heard, "What'll we do with his hoss? The critter's limpin'!"

"We got no time to fool with a gimpy nag. Shoot him!" Curly's heart choked his throat. He wanted to cry out, but his voice failed him. He was shaking with anger, fear, dismay. If only he had a gun . . .

A voice floated up to him. "Kind of a purty hoss. Look at them eyes. Pleadin', you might say."

"Hogse the palaver and squeeze that trigger!" came the snapped retort.

Curly couldn't stand it. He squirmed out of his cave and raced toward the voices. No longer was he careful to be quiet. His feet clopped, loose stones rolled and clicked.

Although the men heard him coming, they had expected only a youth, not a cyclone. Curly burst upon them.

One of the men chuckled, "I knew that talk about his hoss would bring him out of hiding. That was a real smart trick, if I do say so my own self."

Curly zipped a hard fist to the man's face, putting a stop to the chuckling. As the man fell, his companions leaped into action. One reached for his gun. Curly dived and tackled. The two sprawled and went rolling over and

over. Curly twisted the gun wrist and the six-shooter flopped to the ground. The others couldn't take a shot at Curly without danger of striking their own man.

The wrestling was brief but frantic. The man was heavier than Curly, and he finally got the youth down. He knelt on Curly's stomach and raised his fist to smash against the lad's mouth. Curly wrenched his head aside at the last moment, and the fist crashed against the rocky ground.

"Oh, my hand's broke!" cried the assailant. Curly took advantage. While his opponent was concentrating on the stinging hand, Curly slid from under and clouted the fellow on the side of the jaw.

Two men dived at him from either side. He dodged deftly, and they crashed against each other. While they were tangled, Curly lashed out with both fists. Four down, one to go.

But the fifth man was not to be so easily taken. He stood as he had from the beginning, holding Choctaw, the rein in his left hand. In his right was the pistol with which the black horse had been threatened. It was now leveled at Curly. The hand was steady and the eyes were cold.

"You're a regular wildcat, ain't you, Curly? Well, you better put those fists in the air. If you don't, I'm going to punch you with one of these little ol' lead boxing gloves in this here six-gun. And if I kyo you, you won't never git up, even if the referee counts to a million!"

Curly started slowly raising his hands. "You want me to put my hands up?" The question sounded innocent, if silly. The man paid no attention to the emphasis on the last word.

"Up! You catch on?" snarled the gunman.

"Up then," said Curly. "I'll put my hands up! And you put your hands up Choctaw!"

"Up Choctaw!" The big black horse knew that command. His forelegs rose, and he snorted and half-danced. The sudden tug at the rein threw the gunman off balance. Curly rushed in, slashed the gun arm downward with his

left hand and blazed his right into the man's face.

The fellow went down as if poleaxed. In a few seconds, Curly had kayoed five armed men. But he wasn't paying them any heed. Curly was busy examining his beloved Choctaw, feeling the horse's legs, sighing with relief that the great animal had suffered no serious injury.

Only when he had satisfied himself as to that did he begin to consider the possibility that the gunmen would be coming to very shortly. He collected all their guns. With one of these he fired three sharp shots. He hoped someone at the Fort, which was less than a mile away, would hear and come to investigate. Curly wasn't sure exactly what to do with the five outlaws, and he didn't relish the idea of standing around knocking them out all day long.

His signal brought a response faster than he had expected. A patrol of soldiers from the Fort had been scouting nearby.

CURLY explained briefly what had happened. "I was on my way to the Fort when these hombres jumped me in Red-eye Pass," he said. "I reckon they aimed to kidnap me and try to get something out of Dad. They took my gun, but then I got a chance to slip loose and fork Choctaw. I figured he could outrun any of their critters and he could, too, only they had a rope stretched across the trail that spilled me."

"Well, we had a little fight, and there they are. Would you take care of 'em, Sergeant Green? Tie 'em up and place 'em under arrest and all that? I've got an appointment at the Fort and I'm late now."

"Why, sure, Curly," grinned the good-natured sergeant. "Be glad to. But why are you in such an all-fired hurry to get to the Fort?"

"I'm to meet Captain Dempsey," said Curly. "He promised to give me a boxing lesson."

THE END

SMILEY BURNETTE

in
PICTURES ARE NEWS!

BURNETTE'S BUGLE



ONE DAY, IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY---

HEY, DEPUTY TUCKERS! THE LATEST ISSUE OF BURNETTE'S BUGLE IS OFF THE PRESS! HOW COME YOU'RE NOT RUSHING TO GET YOUR COPY, LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO?

I RECKON I WON'T BE BUYING BURNETTE'S BUGLE ANY LONGER, SMILEY---

BURNETTE'S BUGLE

--I LIKE THIS NEW PAPER WE HAVE IN TOWN, THE ROCK HEAD COURIER. IT'S FULL OF THEM NEW FANGLED PHOTOGRAPHS!

SO THAT'S WHY MY SALES HAVE FALLEN OFF! I RECKON IF I WANT TO STAY IN BUSINESS I'LL HAVE TO BUY ONE OF THEM THAR CAMERAS, SO I CAN TAKE PICTURES FOR BURNETTE'S BUGLE, TOO! I'LL TAKE THE MONEY OUT OF THE BANK!

AT THE BANK---

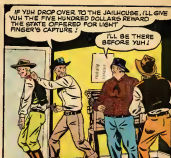
HYAR YOUR MONEY, SMILEY! BE CAREFUL WITH IT, I HEARD TELL THAT LIGHT FINGER BUCKY, THE OUTLAW IS IN TOWN!

REALLY? WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?









WESTERN QUIZ

1. A QUARTER, AN ORLOPP, AND A RALCHINGO ARE ALL HORSES
- ☐ True ☐ False



2. HERFORD AND DURHAM ARE TWO DIFFERENT TYPES OF CATTLE
- ☐ True ☐ False



3. A CHOCTAW IS A TYPE OF SADDLE
- ☐ True ☐ False



4. SHROPSHIRE IS A WORNLESS SHEEP
- ☐ True ☐ False



5. A CHEROKEE IS AN INDIAN TRIBE
- ☐ True ☐ False



ANSWERS: 1 TRUE 2 TRUE 3 FALSE 4 TRUE 5 TRUE

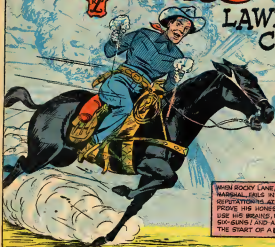


REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and the

LAWLESS CITY!



WHEN ROCKY LANE, THE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, FAILS IN HIS DUTY, HIS REPUTATION IS AT STAKE! TO PROVE HIS HONESTY, HE MUST USE HIS BRAINS, BRAWN AND HIS SIX-GUNS! AND ALSO PREVENT THE START OF A LAWLESS CITY!

IN CARSON PRAIRIE, AT A TOWN MEETING...

THE DAM'S FINISHED AND IT GURE IS A RELIEF! THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I REGRETTED HAVING LET EVERYONE IN CARSON PRAIRIE MORTGAGE ALL THEIR LAND TO KING FENCH, THE GAMBLER, SO WE COULD RAISE THE MONEY TO BUILD IT!



DON'T FORGET WE HAVE TO PAY KING BACK BY MIDNIGHT OR WE'LL TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWN!

OTHER SIDE OF THE DAM, SAID THEY'D PAY US IN ADVANCE FOR TEN YEARS USE OF THE STORED WATER! THAT'LL MORE THAN TAKE CARE OF WHAT WE OWE KING FENCH!



I RECKON WE SHOULD SEND SOMEONE OVER TO COLLECT THE MONEY! THE GLUCKER, WE PAY OFF THE GAMBLER THE HAPPIER WE'LL ALL BE!



IN THE MEANTIME, AT KING FENCH'S GAMBLING CASINO---

NOW THAT THE DAM'S
SET UP, DEE, I RECKON THE
TOWN'S EXPECTING TO
COLLECT ENOUGH FROM
DANSON CITY TO PAY ME!

I THOUGHT YUH DIDN'T WANT
THEM TO PAY YUH SO YUH COULD
TAKE OVER ALL OF CARSON
PRAIRIE!



THAT'S WHAT I STILL AIM TO DO!
WHEN THE WHOLE TOWN BECOMES MY
PERSONAL PROPERTY, I INTEND
TO TURN IT INTO A LAWLESS
CITY!



JUST THINK, EVERY OUTLAW
CAN TAKE REFUGE HYAR---
THAT IS, FOR HALF OF
HIS LOOT!



I LET THEM FINISH THE DAM SO
THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO
REPAIR IT WHEN I DESTROY IT!

DESTROY THE
DAM? HOW?



I HAVE IT ALL WORKED OUT!
NOW, DEE, HYAR'S WHAT
I WANT YUH TO DO---



SHORTLY AFTER--



LATER--

WE CAN KEEP
THE WATER
FROM FLOODING THE TOWN,
BUT THE DAM'S RUINED! IT
LOOKS AS IF KING WILL BE
ABLE TO TAKE OVER CARSON
PRAIRIE AFTER ALL!

AT THE SAME TIME, AT THE
CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE IN
NEARBY LARADO CITY...

I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, CHIEF,
AND I GOT HERE
AS FAST AS
I COULD! GOT A SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT FOR
YOU, ROCKY!



THE NEW DAM BETWEEN CARSON PRAIRIE AND DAWSON CITY WAS JUST BLOWN UP! WE SUSPECT THE LOCAL GAMBLER, KING FENCH, DID IT SO HE COULD GAIN CONTROL OF THE TOWN WHICH IS ALL MORTGAGED TO HIM!



BUT SUSPICIONS AREN'T PROOF! THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT ALL THAT TERRITORY TO FALL INTO KING'S HANDS FOR, FEAR THAT HE'LL TURN IT INTO A LAWLESS CITY. SO THEY'RE GOING TO LEND THE TOWN THE MONEY TO PAY HIM! YOU'VE BEEN PICKED TO DELIVER IT!



TO WHOM DO I GIVE THE MONEY?

TO MAYOR WARNER! BUT TO MAKE SURE KING DOESN'T FIND OUT ABOUT THIS GOVERNMENT LOAN UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE FOR HIM TO TRY ANYTHING, THE MAYOR WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE MOUNT INN JUST OUTSIDE OF CARSON PRAIRIE!



HOW WILL I BE SURE IT'S MAYOR WARNER? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!

HE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN ROOM SIX! AND AS A DOUBLE CHECK, HE'LL INTERLOCK FINGERS WITH YOU WHEN YOU SHAKE HANDS!

OKAY, CHIEF! LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!



MEANWHILE--

EVERYBODY IN TOWN IS GLUM ABOUT HAVING TO MOVE, SO IT'S ODD TO SEE YUH SMILING, MAYOR! WHAT MAKES YUH SO HAPPY?



I JUST GOT SOME WONDERFUL NEWS, BRINKS! DON'T TELL THIS TO ANYONE, BUT THE GOVERNMENT IS LENDING US THE MONEY TO PAY KING! A SECRET WAR-SHALL IS GOING TO MEET ME IN ROOM SIX AT THE MOUNT HOTEL AND HAND THE MONEY TO ME WHEN I PROVE I'M THE MAYOR BY INTERLOCKING MY FINGERS WITH HIS WHEN WE SHAKE!

SHORTLY AFTER---

DON'T I TELL YUH TO STAY OUT OF TOWN, BRINKS! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SUSPECT YORE ONE OF MY STOOBES!

BUT IT'S IMPORTANT, BOSS!



AND AFTER BRINKS EXPLAINS---

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE MAYOR DOESN'T GET THE MONEY!

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO PREVENT IT! WE CAN'T FOLLOW HIM TO THE INN AND SHOOT HIM! SOMEONE'S BOUND TO HEAR THE SHOT!



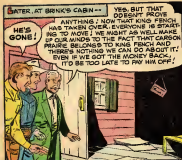
GO FIND DUE AND SEND HIM TO ME, PRONTO!





SIX GUN HEROES







ROCKY HADN'T NOTICED BRINKS CLOSING IN ON HIM FROM BEHIND AND---



HOLD YORE FIRE, DEE! THIS CRITTER MAY COME IN HANDY AS A POSTAGE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRINKS! LOCK HIM UP IN THE SECRET ROOM IN THE BASEMENT!







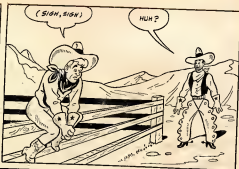


FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY LANE IN SIX-GUN HEROES AND IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, ROCKY LANE WESTERN!

TEN GALLON TEX



CHING TO HELP OUT!



(SIGH, SIGH)

HUH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JACK? YUH LOOK WORRIED!

(SIGH) I SHORE AM WORRIED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TUM BUY MUH UNCLE FER A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

HUH? IS THAT ALL? HA, HA, I THOUGHT IT WUZ SERIOUS!

(SIGH) IT IS SERIOUS! HE'S MUH FAVORITE UNCLE AND HE'S VERY RICH! I WANT TUM MAKE SURE HE'LL LIKE THE PRESENT I GIVE HIM!



TELL YUH WHAT GIVE HIM AND I GANTES HE'LL BE CLED TUM DEATH WITH IT!

REALLY! WHAT IS IT? TELL ME, PRONTO!

A SUIT OF WOOLEN UNDERWEAR!!



A man with a large, round face and a black hat is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a red shirt with a black checkered pattern and a blue neckerchief. He is holding two silver revolvers, one in each hand, with both barrels pointed towards the right. A yellow cord is tied around his right wrist. The background is dark and indistinct. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of his head.

I'M A BUSY
MAN--I'LL
BE TIED UP
ALL DAY!